

THE RICHMOND CLIMAX.

38th YEAR

RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1912

NUMBER 41

L. R. Blanton

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Coal, Feed, Salt, Sand, Lime, Rock

Old Dominion Portland Cement
and All Kinds of PLASTER MATERIAL.

Corner Main and B
Streets

Telephone
85

Cook Boy Eats 200 Pies



Of course, he took 200 days to do it—but it was something of a feat, nevertheless.

The resisting power of a healthy youngster's stomach is something to marvel at.

But it's nothing to be compared to the resisting power of the American Fence. A million farmers have chosen it of all the fences offered and a million farmers have found it the strongest, springiest, best and longest lasting fence material on the market.

You will find it so, too, if you will find the style and weight best suited to your purpose. And you can do that easily.

D. B. SHACKELFORD & CO.

Better Prices.

The farmers all over the country are organizing for the purpose of securing better prices for their produce. The figures show, in the city of New York, alone, for instance, that \$60,000,000 was paid last year for potatoes, for which the farmer received only \$8,500,000. Cabbages cost the city people \$9,125,000, while the farmer received \$1,800,000. Milk cost the city consumer \$49,000,000, and a little less than half that amount found its way into the pocket of the dairyman. For his onions, the consumer in that city paid \$8,212,000, while the farmers who grew them were paid only \$821,000. The farmers are of the opinion that this disparity is entirely too great, and the result is that there are being formed organizations throughout the country near the large cities, for the purpose of selling their produce direct and eliminating the middleman.

Well, Rather!

The Paris dressmakers most startling contribution to milady's wardrobe this year is to be a new skirt, very narrow, with a slit at the side, extending well above the knee. A trade announcement here regarding the new skirt says:

"If the director stockings, made of silken network with very large meshes, is to be worn with the dress, as it is said, the effect will be striking."

For Sale Privately.

Dwelling of nine rooms with two acres of ground; good orchard, vineyard, stable, chicken house, coal house, smoke house, cabin, etc.; all in first-class repair. My family being small, I desire to sell my home and buy a smaller one. Terms easy. Apply to William Devore. 33-1f

THE McGAUGHEY Studio

has been removed from the Schlegel building to the Clay building on Main street and is now open for business in the new location.

The Schlegel Studio is closed

ROYAL

Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking a pleasure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum—No Lime Phosphates

Favors Farmers.

Users of farm machinery won a victory in Kentucky when the Court of Appeals, Judge Settle writing, delivered three opinions in cases of the Commonwealth against the International Harvester Company of America, in which it is held that the company is a trust and is selling its products too high in Kentucky. The court holds in these cases that there are no anti-trust laws in Kentucky, and that any company, whether regarded as a trust or not, may do business in Kentucky as long as it does not sell its products at a price greater than its real value or deprecate the prices of its products below the real value.

Let us give you a bid on your house painting, outside or inside. Only best material used. Workmanship guaranteed. BAWLOW & DODIER, 307 East Main street. 30-1f

The People's Stock Remedy.

At this season you should not be without a package of The People's Stock Remedy; 25c and 50c.

Cure that old sore, cut or wound by applying The People's Antiseptic Healing Powders. Sold by Richmond Drug Company.

30-1f

ZEMO is the guaranteed remedy that has relieved thousands of skin sufferers. A delightful, efficient and germ-destroying antiseptic wash that soothes and heals an inflamed and irritated skin just as readily as it cures Eczema, Pimples, Rashes, Psoriasis and other stubborn forms of skin diseases.

ZEMO is worth its weight in gold to skin sufferers and we urge you to try this trial treatment at Perry's Drug Store.

"Dr Thomas' Electric Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. It has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y. 1m

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Our Story in a Nut Shell

Our Fall Line of Goods is "up to the minute" as we constantly watch the market for new and worthy goods, and we respectfully invite your attention to our line of

Tailored and Fancy

Waists

Latest Novelties in Neckwear, Belts, Etc

"Smart Set" Silk Petticoats

Mannish Novelties in Woolen Goods for Tailored Suits

Newest Designs in Silks for Waists and Dresses

Call and see us as we are now ready to take care of you on all Fall and Winter Goods

OWEN MCKEE

The Richmond Climax.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

THE CLIMAX PRINTING CO.

(Incorporated.)

A. D. Miller Pres. and Mgr.

W. G. White Sec'y-Treas.

Member of KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION

and EIGHTH DISTRICT PUBLISHERS LEAGUE.

PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3 - - 1912

RICHMOND has indeed been fortunate in having at the head of the municipal government a set of men who have been faithful to every trust imposed upon them by the voters who suffrage placed them in power. The CLIMAX is ever ready to speak words of praise in defense of any deserving one, and especially so of officials who wear the yoke of public service, particularly in municipal government, and render unto those whose confidence has placed them in charge of the city's affairs the faithful performance of a service that is ordinarily little appreciated by the public generally. Few of our citizens realize or appreciate the service that is given the city by its officers, from mayor down, and fewer perhaps consider the meagre salary attached. Our mayor receives a stipend of \$250 per year; members of the city council \$36 per year, and other officials in proportion. Some of our readers may say this amount is sufficient, and continue with the assertion that these officials have little to do. Those who are not familiar with the duties of these officers have little conception of the time and labor

devoted to the proper conduct of a municipality as large as Richmond, and especially is this true where every member of the city government is progressive and actually interested in the welfare of the city; desiring better streets, cleaner sidewalks, sewerage and many other necessities, and at same time considering the taxpayers, being economical in many cases to a distressing degree, in order to protect those who must pay the freight. Few of our readers possibly ever pause to consider the wages paid to these gentlemen in whose care is placed the safety of the city but who know him well. He is further resolved that Richmond pays to her public servants a smaller salary than any city of her class in Kentucky, especially is this true regarding the mayor's salary, would it not be to the credit of the city to offer to her chief executive an amount commensurate with the dignity of the office, even though we fail to consider the many and varied duties this official must perform. This article was conceived in the mind of the writer and was not suggested by anyone connected with the present administration, nor have we any idea as to who will be a candidate to succeed the present incumbent, but whoever it may be we would urge the city council to offer as an inducement for service a salary adequate with the faithful performance of a service that is ordinarily little appreciated by the public generally.

The Leader and Herald, Harrodsburg's splendid newspapers, are making a desperate fight for a new court house in that city. We cannot understand why the Fiscal Court of Mercer has not accepted the advice of these papers and erected a new temple of justice years ago. Neither the Herald or the Leader would request an appropriation for anything that would not prove of value and benefit to the capitol of Mercer.

The P. A. C. Infirmary Annual Easter Bazaar, Saturday, April 6, at Hurst's Grocery.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

Items of Interest Regarding Home-folk and Others.

Miss Jessie Prather, of Lancaster, is visiting friends of this place.

Mr. C. W. McBurney has returned from a visit to his sister, Mrs. Harry Scriven, in Winchester.

Miss Minnie Zittel, of Waco, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. C. Lowery in Huntingdon, W. Va.

Mr. Herbert Scriven, of Winchester, visited his father, Mr. Morton Scriven, and family there last week.

Miss Nell O'Rourke has returned home after spending several days in Lexington and Georgetown.

Prof. T. J. Coates, of Frankfort, formerly of this city, was a pleasant visitor in town on Wednesday.

Judge O. K. Noland and Mr. George Lusk, of Estill county, were here Monday attending county court.

Mrs. Jas. Moore, Mrs. Ben Bennett and Mrs. T. S. Todd of this city, attended "The World in Cincinnati" last week.

Mr. Chas. Cunningham, of Middleboro, passed through Richmond Monday enroute home from a month's visit in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Munger, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, were the guests of Judge and Mrs. N. B. Turpin, on Woodland avenue.

Rev. J. P. Strother, of the Methodist church, Danville, and Rev. W. S. Vandepool and wife, of Winchester, were visitors at Rev. G. W. Crutchfield's on Monday.

Miss Catherine Tobin, who is attending school at Richmond, came home Friday to spend the week-end with relatives. She brought with her Miss Edna Rankin for a little visit.—Louisville Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Broaddus returned from a pleasant sojourn in Hot Springs, Arkansas. "Country" Photo reports a delightful stay in that city but is happy to be again among his own people.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher D. Chenault are sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to enable him to be at his office for a short while Monday. This genial physician has many friends, whose wishes are entertained for his speedy and permanent restoration.

Miss Flutie Belcher has placed her order for a flask of perfume which is expected to arrive directly from France and doubtless there will be no need of any sweet-scented flowers around Hugowallow this spring, except hoot—Hugowallow Kentuckian.

Hon. J. Tevis Cobb returned Wednesday from Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he has been for the past six weeks. The most frantic efforts were made to get him to return, but it was known that Mr. Cobb was ill at St. Joseph Hospital. Mrs. Cobb is getting along nicely and will soon be restored to health.

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his hands.

"I know it, Solomon—I know it!" he moaned wretchedly.

"Price, you are still a man to be reckoned with. There's the boy; take place of him; he can't keep it up, can."

"I will—by God, I will!" gasped the judge.

"You hear me? You hear me, Solomon? By God's good help, I will!"

"You have the president's letter—saw it—" said Mahaffy in a whisper.

"For me?" cried the judge. "Solomon, the world is clinging to me."

"For me?" snorted Mahaffy.

Mahaffy and there was a bleak instant when the judge's athen countenance held the full pathos of age and failure. "Remember your oath, Price," gasped the dying man. A moment of silence succeeded. Mahaffy's eyes closed, then the heavy lids slid back. He looked up at the judge while the harsh, rasping voice of old Hannibal crooned wonderfully. "Kiss me, Price," he whispered, and as the judge bent to touch him on the brow, the softened lines fixed themselves in death, while on his lips lingered a smile that was neither bitter nor snarling.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Judge's Grandson. In that bare outer room they had shared, the judge, crushed and broken, watched beside the bed on which the dead man lay; unconscious of the flight of time he sat with his head bowed in his hands, having scarcely altered his position since he begged those who carried Mahaffy up the narrow stairs to leave him alone with his friend.

He was living over the past. He recited his first sins, the sins of Mahaffy, who by a slight inclination of the head signified that he was. "I reckon you're a green hand at this sort of thing?" commented Tom evilly.

"Yes," said Mahaffy tersely. "Well, listen: I shall count, one, two, three, and when you count to three, take your positions."

Mahaffy and the colonel stood facing each other, a distance of twelve paces separating them. Mahaffy was pale but dogged; he eyed Fenstress unflinchingly. Quick on the word Fenstress fired, an instant later Mahaffy's pistol exploded; apparently neither bullet had taken effect, the two men were too far apart. Fenstress assumed; then Mahaffy was seen to turn on his heels, next his arm dropped to his side and the pistol slipped from his fingers, a look of astonishment passed over his face and left it vacant and staring while his right hand stole up toward his heart; he raised it slowly, with difficulty, as though it were held down by some invisible weight.

A harsh spread across the field. It was like one of nature's invisible trumpets. At the edge of the woods the song of birds was stricken into silence. Ware, heavy-eyed—Fenstress, his lips twisted by a tortured smile, watched Mahaffy as he panted against his breast. That dead, oppressive silence lasted but a moment; from out of it came a cry that smote on the ear, cracked ears and reached his consciousness.

"It's Price—" he gasped, his words bathed in blood, and he pitched forward on his face.

Ware and Fenstress had heard the cry, too, and running to their horses threw themselves into the saddle and galloped off. The judge midway of the meadow roared out a furious protest, but the mounted men turned into the high road, vanished from sight, and the judge, shaking legs from his swiftness in the direction of the gaunt figure on the ground.

Mahaffy struggled to rise, for he was hearing his friend's voice now, the voice of utter anguish, calling his name. At last painful effort brought him to his knees. He saw the judge, clothed principally in a gaily colored bed-quilt, hatless and shoeless, his face sooty and bleared, from eight days' debauch. Mahaffy stood over him, and he stared up at his friend with glassy eyes.

Very shame the judge had his face in his hands, while soot shook him.

"Solomon! Solomon!" And the judge knelt beside him.

"It's all right, Price; I kept your appointment," whispered Mahaffy; a bloody spume was gathering on his lips, and he stared up at his friend with glassy eyes.

Very shame the judge had his face in his hands, while soot shook him.

"Solomon—Solomon, why did you do this?" he cried miserably.

The harsh lines on the dying man's face erased themselves.

"You're the only friend I've known in twenty years of loneliness, Price. I've loved you like a brother," he panted, with a pause between each word.

Again the judge buried his face in his hands.

"Do You Mean We Ain't Going to Be Poor Any Longer, Grandfather?"

muttered braying silence, in which his great arms drew the boy closer against his heart. "Dear lad, since I left you at Belle Plain a very astounding knowledge has come to me. It was the secret of Providence—I see now—that first brought us together. You must not call me judge any more; I am your grandfather—your mother was my daughter."

Hannibal instantly sat erect and looked up at the judge, his blue eyes wide with amazement at this extraordinary statement.

"It is a very strange story, Hannibal, and its links are not all in my hands, but I am sure because of what I have known, I might say that not a drop of my blood flows in your veins and with my own, live again in you. Do you understand what I am telling you? You are my own dear little grandson—" and the judge looked down with no uncertain love and pride into the small face upturned to his.

"I am glad if you are my grandfather, judge," said Hannibal very gravely.

"Thank you, dear lad," responded the judge with equal gravity, and then as Hannibal nestled back in his grandfather's arms a single big tear dropped from the end of that gentleman's prominent nose.

"There will be many and great changes in store for us," continued the judge. "But as we met adversity with dignity, we are sure we shall be able to endure prosperity with equanimity; unworthy natures are affected by what is at best superficial and accidental. I mean that the blight of poverty is about to be lifted from our lives."

"Do you mean we ain't going to be poor any longer, grandfather?" asked Hannibal.

The judge regarded him with infinite tenderness of expression; he was profoundly moved.

"Would you mind saying that again,

dear lad?"
“Do you mean we ain’t going to be poor any longer, grandfather?” repeated Hannibal.

“I shall enjoy an adequate competence which I am about to recover. It will be sufficient for the indulgence of those simple and intellectual tastes I propose to cultivate for the future.”

In spite of himself the judge sighed. This was hardly in line with his ideals, but the right is always to be longer. His “You will be very rich, Hannibal.” The Quintard lands—your grandmother was a Quintard—will be yours; they run up into the hundred of thousands of acres hereabout; this land will be yours as soon as I can establish your identity.”

“With Uncle Bob so rich too?” inquired Hannibal.

“Certainly. How can he be poor when we possess wealth?” answered the judge.

“You reckon he will always live with us, don’t you, grandfather?”

“I would not have it otherwise. I admire Mr. Yancy—he is simple and direct, and fit for any company under heaven except that of fools. His treatment of you has placed me under everlasting obligation; he shall share what we have. My only little ambition agreed is that Solomon Mahaffy will not be here to partake of our altered fortunes.” And the judge sighed deeply.

“Uncle Bob told me Mr. Mahaffy got hurt in a duel, grandfather?” said Hannibal.

“He was as inexperienced as a child in the use of firearms, and he had to deal with scoundrels who had never known nor understood feelings—but his course was magnificent.”

Presently Hannibal was deep in his account of those adventures he had shared with Miss Betty.

“And Miss Malroy—where is she now?” asked the judge, in the first pause of the boy’s narrative.

“She’s at Mr. Bowen’s house. Mr. Carrington and Mr. Cavendish are staying there. Mrs. Carrington stays down yonder at the Bates plantation. Grandfather, it was Captain Murrell who had me do—do you reckon he was going to take me back to Mr. Bladen?”

“I will see Miss Malroy again when they get ready, so there’s no sense in exciting them.”

In the court-house, Murrell, bound hand and foot, was seated between Carrington and the Earl of Lambeth in the little walled-off space below the main floor. Fenstress and Hannibal stood behind him, his drunken cheeks and given a wild light to his deeply sunken eyes. At sight of Yancy a smothered exclamation broke from his lips; he had supposed this man dead these many months!

Hannibal had abandoned his post, and the crowd, suddenly grown clamorous, stormed the narrow entrance. One of the doors, borne from its hinges, went with a crash. The judge, a fierce light flashing from his eyes, turned to Yancy.

“No matter what happens, this fellow Murrell is not to escape—if he calls on his friends to rescue him he is to shoot!”

The hall was filling with swearing, struggling men, the door shook beneath their heavy tread, then they burst into the room, shouting and shouting with a great shout. In Murrell, bound, in rags, and silent, his lips frozen in a wolfish grin, was a depressing sight, and the boldest felt something of his unrestrained lawlessness.

Less noisy now, the crowd spread out among the benches or swarmed up into the tiny gallery at the back. Hannibal had hurried forward, intent on passing beyond the railing, but each had encountered the judge, formidable and forbidding, and had turned aside. Suddenly he became aware of a small hand that was resting on his arm and glanced up; Hannibal had stolen quietly into the room. The boy pointed to the still figure on the bed.

“What makes what makes Mr. Mahaffy lie so quiet—is he dead?” he asked in a whisper.

“A Crisis at the Court-House.

Just at daybreak Yancy was roused by the presence of a hand on his shoulder and opening his eyes to find the judge was bending over him.

“Dress,” he said briefly. “There’s every prospect of trouble—get your wife and come with me!”

Yancy noted that this prospect of trouble seemed to afford the judge a pleasurable sensation; indeed, he had quite lost his former air of somber dignity.

“Let you sleep, thinking you need the rest,” the judge went on. “But ever since midnight we’ve been on the verge of riot and possible bloodshed. They’ve arrested John Murrell—it’s claimed he’s planned a servile rebellion! A man named Hues, who had wormed his way into his confidence, made the arrest. He carried Murrell into Memphis, the legal magistrate, Murrell, was held over night.

“Let a man sleep, thinking you need the rest,” the judge went on.

“Yes, dear lad,” began the judge in a shaking voice, as he drew Hannibal toward him, “your friend and mine is dead—we have lost him.” He took the boy into his lap, and Hannibal pressed a tear-stained face against the judge’s shoulder. “How did you get here?” the judge questioned gently.

“Uncle Bob fetched me,” said Hannibal. “He’s down-stairs, as he didn’t tell me Mr. Mahaffy was dead.”

“We have lost a great loss, Hannibal, and we must never forget the moral grandeur of the man. Some day, when you are older, and I can bring myself to speak of it, I will tell you of his last moments.” The judge’s voice broke, a thick sob rose choking in his throat. “Poor Solomon! A man of such tender feeling that he had it from the bottom of his heart for his son, who was a leader not overthrown; but who was a leader not overthrown; his safety was their safety, too. In hell in the storm of sound the judge attempted to make himself heard, but his words were lost in the angry roar that descended on him.

“Don’t let him speak! Kill him! Kill him!”

A score of men sprang to their feet and from all sides came the click of rifles and pistols; the men who were drawn to the fall out. The judge fate seemed to have rested on a breath, swinging about on his heel and gave a curt nod to Yancy and Cavendish, who, falling back a step, tossed their guns to their shoulders and covered Murrell. A sudden hush grew up out of the tumult; the cries, angry and jeering, dwindled to a murmur, and a dead pall of silence rested on the court.

The very taste of triumph was in

We are to face with a very difficult task, Mr. Carrington. The court was to sit here today, but Judge Morrow and the public prosecutor have left town, and as you know, Murrell’s friends have gathered for a rescue.

There’s a sprinkling of the better element—but only a sprinkling. I saw Judge Morrow this morning at four o’clock—I told him I would oblige myself to present for his consideration every fact, every circumstance, and sensational character, evidence which would show conclusively that Murrell should be held to await the action of the next grand jury—this was after a conference with Hues—I guaranteed his safety. Sir, the man refused to listen to me! He showed himself utterly devoid of any feeling of public duty. The bitter sense of failure and failing was leaching the judge.

The situation made its demands on that basic faith in his own powers which remained imbedded in his character.

They had entered the court-house square. On the steps of the building Bettis was arguing loudly with Hues, who stood in the doorway, rifle in hand. Hues was armed to the teeth, and his friends were armed, stood in front of Pegloe’s tavern. Glancing in the direction of the court-house, he observed that the square before it held other groups. But what impressed him more was the ominous silence that was everywhere. At his elbow, the judge was breathing deeply.

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“Murey you don’t know this is country property!” the sheriff was shouting. “And that you have taken unlawful possession of it for an unlawful purpose. I am going to open doors to you. Do you understand what I am telling you? You are my own dear little grandson—and the judge looked down with no uncertain love and pride into the small face upturned to his.

“I am glad if you are my grandfather, judge,” said Hannibal very gravely.

“Thank you, dear lad,” responded the judge with equal gravity, and then as Hannibal nestled back in his grandfather’s arms a single big tear dropped from the end of that gentleman’s prominent nose.

“That was very nicely said, Mr. Bettis,” observed the judge. “I am glad to hear you say that. You must not call me judge any more; I am your grandfather—your mother was my daughter.”

Hannibal instantly sat erect and looked up at the judge, his blue eyes wide with amazement at this extraordinary statement.

“It is a very strange story, Hannibal, and its links are not all in my hands, but I am sure because of what I have known, I might say that not a drop of my blood flows in your veins and with my own, live again in you. Do you understand what I am telling you? You are my own dear little grandson—and the judge looked down with no uncertain love and pride into the small face upturned to his.

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